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**Summary:**

*Prompto was sprawled out on Noct's bed with a book open and his face half-mashed into the pillow, looking at his phone instead of his homework. This was normal.*

*Prompto was dressed in his shortest running shorts, one of Noct's hoodies, and a pair of socks that went all the way past his knees and didn't stop 'til they were halfway up his thighs. This was not so normal.*

Noct discovers he might have a Thing for thigh-high socks, Prompto discovers he doesn't actually know how to make a sixty-nine work, and both of them discover that being with someone who can laugh through their sexual inexperience is... kinda great.

**nice.**

**Author's Note:**

Listen. This is my 69th explicit fic on AO3 so I was OBLIGATED BY THE GODS OF INTERNET HUMOR to write this. Cheers.

Prompto was sprawled out on Noct's bed with a book open and his face half-mashed into the pillow, looking at his phone instead of his homework. This was normal.

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"Uh. Hey." Noct dropped his school bag a little too loud. "Nice... outfit?"

Prompto dropped his phone like Noct had caught him in the act of something much worse than ignoring his homework. "Hey! Noct! Oh. Yeah, I kinda was done wearing jeans, and I had the shorts in my bag."

The shorts were not what Noct was talking about. Even though they were a major feature in Noct's wet dreams lately, he was pretty used to seeing Prompto in running shorts all the time. Usually while Prompto was running, which meant Noct was not allowed to strip him out of them and distract him from his very important workout.

"I kinda meant the socks." They were bright red, with a white stripe at the top and, as Prompto shifted, Noct noticed there were hearts over the knees.

"Oh! They're nice, right? Keeps my legs warm. It's been *freezing* lately, oh my god."

"Huh." Noct's brain wasn't exactly working right, and he couldn't be blamed for it. The afternoon light that came through his bedroom window was highlighting every curve of Prompto's body—most importantly, his legs.

Had his legs always been that long? No, he was shorter than Noct, it must have been the socks.

He reached out and touched Prompto's ankle. The socks were cotton, not something that was *supposed to be sexy*, so Prompto must really have just been wearing them to keep warm. He wondered what Prompto would look like in something lacy.

"Uh. Noct?" Prompto poked him in the knee with his toes and Noct realized he'd gotten onto the bed without noticing. "You okay, buddy?"

Listen. Noct had been dating Prompto for exactly two months as of Monday (he knew because Prompto liked to celebrate even the tiniest anniversaries and so Noct had spent the previous weekend panicking and trying to plan the best date ever). They'd kissed a lot, often enough that Gladio joked they were attached at the mouth, but they'd only really had sex three times. Unless you counted the time they'd had to stop halfway through because Noct's dad called him, then it was four. Noct didn't count that time.

The most recent of those three times had been a week and a half ago, and in Noct's opinion, that was way too long ago. So, yeah, he'd kinda had it on the brain coming over, especially after Prompto sent him that selfie of him lying in Noct's bed in Noct's hoodie.

"It's... you look really cute," Noct said, going all the way red. He knew that as much as this embarrassed him, the reaction from Prompto was worth it—Prompto smiled and rolled onto his back, gesturing for Noct to come closer and then grabbing at him as soon as he was within range.

Prompto kissed him, just once, briefly, before asking, "so, it's the socks that do it for you?"

Noct bit his lip, hoping he could get away with not answering, but Prompto waited. The truth was: *Prompto* did it for him, plain and simple, and always had. But... yeah. The socks were something.

"They just kind of, I dunno, make your legs look nice."

"Yeah?"

"Mm." Noct tried to kiss him again, so that Prompto wouldn't keep asking questions, but Prompto ducked out of the way so that Noct only got his cheek.

"Sooo, you wanna see me in *only* the socks sometime? Maybe?"

Noct's face was so red he felt like his head was going to burst, and he had no idea how his body had enough blood in it to manage to get his dick hard at the same time. Sure did seem to be working for him, though. "Yeah," he said quietly, fingers trailing down Prompto's hip, then his thigh, the bare part before Noct's fingers met the top of his sock.

"I do seriously just wear them because it's freezing."

"Oh, so you're not just trying to seduce me?"

"Oh! Right, no, I'm definitely trying to seduce you, this is my sexiest outfit for suuuure. Actually, that's probably true. If only because the shorts are so short. And I don't have a lot of sexy outfits."

They were, in fact, short enough that when Prompto shifted, Noct could see the bottom hem of his boxers peeking out. He didn't know why that was hot, either. Probably just because it was Prompto, squirming anxiously the way he always did when he wanted Noct's hands on him. Or Noct's mouth on him. Or both.

Prompto had picked out Noct's softest hoodie, and the fabric was warm under his fingers as he lay on his side and pulled Prompto in close to kiss him, one of Prompto's legs sliding between his. They wound together with less tangles than usual, no squashed noses or elbows in places elbows shouldn't be. They were getting good at this. It was comfortable, the way hugging Prompto usually was, the way kissing him and holding him close was steadily becoming.

They parted after a moment, heads falling back to rest on the pillow as Noct searched Prompto's face and found nothing but a dreamy, cotton-candy

cloud of a smile. "So," Prompto said, "I'd do the 'take off everything but the socks' thing, but, again, cold. And your hoodie is very nice and warm, so I don't wanna take it off, but—oh, you can take my shorts off, though, yeah, that's good."

Noct kissed Prompto long enough to taste the coconut lip balm he'd been wearing lately (before that, it had been strawberry for at least a week), tugging his shorts down and running cold hands over Prompto's warm skin, making him shiver and pull Noct closer. He giggled as he helped Noct out and kicked his shorts the rest of the way off, his hands finding their way under Noct's T-shirt and running up his spine.

"Why do *you* still have pants on?" Prompto asked, sitting up and repositioning himself over Noct's lap, fingers reaching for his fly. Noct's hoodie was a coupe sizes too big for himself or Prompto, and hung long enough on Prompto that Noct couldn't tell if he was getting hard—he'd always been a fan of a hands-on approach, anyways. Prompto pushed into his touch, fingers fumbling at Noct's waistband.

"Probably shouldn't be distracting you, huh," he said, giving Prompto's cock one more teasing rub before drawing his hand away.

He got a pout in response. "Keep that up and you're not getting your dick sucked, man."

Was *that* what Prompto had been going for? He'd done it one other time and Noct had come almost immediately. "Well, then I'll just suck *your* dick," Noct countered, because he didn't think he'd been very good at it when he returned the favor, and he'd been kinda sorta practicing. Did he feel weird sucking on his own fingers? Yes. Was it gonna be worth it if he absolutely blew Prompto's mind? Absolutely.

"You know, we could do that at the same time," Prompto said. "Good ol' sixty-nine."

Noct couldn't stop himself from responding: "Nice."

Prompto laughed and tugged Noct's pants the rest of the way off. "Could be fun, y'know?"

"Wait, do people actually *do* that?" Noct asked.

"I've... seen it done before." In porn, he meant.

"So, I repeat: do people actually do that?" Noct knew after his first extremely uncomfortable attempt at fingering himself that porn was not to be trusted.

"Man, I'm not a sex-pert." Prompto helped Noct out of his shirt, then evaluated his state of relative clothedness, and pulled the hoodie off, too.

Noct thought maybe Prompto had said something about being too hot, but he wasn't paying attention to anything besides how much seeing Prompto in just the thigh-highs was affecting him. He grasped Prompto's thighs, feeling up until he reached the deliniation between the hem of the socks and Prompto's warm skin, reveling in the way Prompto instinctively thrust his hips forward as Noct grabbed his ass.

"So, Mr. Not-A-Sex-pert, any idea how we're supposed to, um, do this?"

Prompto thought for a moment. "Alright. You lay down, I get on top of you, and I guess... where... do my knees go?"

"Just... get on me, we'll figure it out," Noct said. "It can't be that hard."

Famous last words, for someone whose inexperience had gotten the better of him even when he wasn't attempting something quite so complicated.

Noct quickly realized this was going to be more complicated than either of them realized, when he managed to knee Prompto in the head, then became so overwhelmed by the feeling of Prompto's mouth on him he forgot to reciprocate, then choked on Prompto's dick as soon as he did.

It was bad enough that Prompto got off him to snatch his water bottle off the bedside table, and Noct appreciated the gesture, but the red in his face was mostly from embarrassment.

"Dude. I am so sorry—" Prompto began, like *he* was the one who'd fucked this up.

"No, no, seriously, it was my fault."

Prompto looked at him for a beat, both of them flushed and awkward, hesitating on the edge of what to say, but Prompto was the one who broke the silence with a quiet snort of laughter.

Noct couldn't help but laugh along with him, until both of them were in hysterics, Prompto shoving a pillow in Noct's face and telling him to, "shut up, shut *up*, oh my god, I can't even look at you."

"How," Noct said, between bouts of breathless laughter, "are we. So. *Bad at this!?*"

"Fuck if I know," Prompto said, sighing and collapsing back into the pillows, looking way too cute wearing only his socks and a dopey grin. Noct couldn't be faulted for leaning in to kiss him until his giggles turned into soft noises of pleasure and he scrambled to pull Noct into his lap. The way he squirmed under Noct and licked into his mouth quickly rid the room of any dampner their failed attempt at untried sex positions had put on the mood.

Prompto's hand traced the planes of Noct's chest, and Noct waited for him to continue making his way down to his ribs and his stomach, but Prompto was aroused to the point of impatience. He reached between the two of them to grip both their cocks, something he'd done once before—and it'd lasted all of eight seconds before the both of them finished.

This time, it lasted a bit longer than eight seconds. Noct kissed Prompto, the soft sound of their mouths meeting and of Prompto's hand jerking them off filling the room. Noct wasn't sure why that made him even hotter than Prompto touching him did, and he found himself stuck on the fleeing idea that, if someone was listening at the door, they'd have no doubts as to what was happening in Noct's bedroom.

That thought was what got him, in the end, the familiar rush in his stomach and catch of breath in his chest betraying him enough that Prompto noticed, egging him on with, "yeah, c'mon, Noct, you look so pretty when you come \_\_\_"

Noct wasn't sure the look on his face was exactly *pretty*, his eyes fluttering closed and his mouth dropping open, but Prompto made a soft, awed noise he could just barely hear over the rush.

He sank into Prompto's arms and found himself smothered by another half-dozen kisses.

Noct's head was a little fuzzy, almost like he was tipsy, and there was nothing he wanted to do more than pull Prompto in and cuddle him. So, yeah, exactly how he felt every time he came during sex with Prompto—except he was the only one who'd finished, and Prompto was still needily rocking against him, fucking against the crease of his hip.

"Mm—yeah, that feels good," Prompto said, when Noct pulled one of Prompto's legs over his hips, giving him more leverage to grind. He traced the edge of Prompto's socks where they met his skin and pressed fluttering kisses against Prompto's throat. He could feel the vibration of Prompto's vocal chords as he moaned and swore and came, a hot rush over Noct's skin.

When Noct tipped his head up to kiss again, he found that Prompto was smiling.

"Noct," Prompto said, after a long moment of holding each other. Noct was half-asleep already, and didn't bother answering, until Prompto poked him. "Noct. We're all sticky, c'mon, dude."

Noct grumbled, not quite words, and flailed in the direction of the box of tissues on the bedside table.

"Noct, I can't if you're still—*move*, dude."



Much as he didn't want to be separated from Prompto, Noct allowed it. Prompto was dry and warm and eager to cuddle him afterward, and that was all Noct could ask for, really.

"So. The socks? That does it for you?"

"Yeah," Noct sighed, "guess it does."

"Cool. Just... lemme grab my phone here, don't mind me," Prompto said, reaching over him. "Totally not buying more in order to use this against you."

He totally was. Noct headbutted him in the shoulder.

"Hey, man, we'll find the thing that does it for me soon, and then you can have a superweapon, too. It'll all even out in the end."

Noct hummed, already theorizing what it might be. Prompto really liked cute nicknames, but Noct was pretty sure that wasn't sexual.

"Y'know... I always thought that doing something super awkward during sex would mess up the whole thing, like, there's no coming back from that," Prompto said. "It's just, you laughed about it with me, and that's—I think I like that."

"Me too," Noct said. "It was... fun. That sounds dumb. I had fun—that sounds worse." He was going to have to make Prompto swear to not let him say words when under the influence of orgasm.

"No, I get it! I'm glad I can have fun with you, Noct." Prompto kissed the top of his head and Noct traced his fingers down Prompto's spine.

They settled together for a long moment before Noct spoke up. "So, we're taking a nap, right?"

"Oh, dude, hell yes."

"Okay, good."